

The Plauge

by Spazz Cat

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Summary: Horror after bio experiment gone wrong. Humans and Covies working together. Language, blood, gore, etc... On Hiatus, unknown if going to continue. Probably going to just redo some day...

1. Default Chapter

****The Plague: Chapter 0****

Ok, my first fan fic, so please R&R! This is a teaser chapter. If you like it, e-mail me to do more. I'll put up chapters 1, 2, and 3 before I start to seriously consider reader input. Enjoy! D

The war for this planet had been going on for months now, the longest engagement of the war. Both sides were exhausted, and the battles had ground to a halt. With the humans sitting on Forerunner artifacts the Covenant could not glass the planet, but they could not push into areas held by them; concentrated heavy artillery fire had seen to that. Field Master Isna'Rallnme sat, glaring at the human mortar field. Visibility was poor with all the rain, and he was getting wet. Nothing to do about it, though. He liked the rain; it usually gave him a way to move his troops into position. But with the sensor net set up by the humans, it was impossible. Isna sighed, and brought his telescope-like monocle to his eye. He could SEE the human artillery with it; giant computer controlled cannons angled up to the sky. Some even pointed toward the ground.

Commodore O'Keff was not happy. She had lost many men in this battle, and with no air support, if the covie bastards decided to really push, they would not hold the perimeter for long. However, the Covenant leader apparently did not like to lose troops either. She snorted. "_That's another thing we have in common, my dear enemy._" While mulling these thoughts over, both O'Keff and Isna saw the burning object streak down to the field in between them. It was obviously not a weapon, or one side would be eliminated. Isna decided to send in a party of ghosts to investigate. O'Keff sent out a few Hog's to see what just fell. Both parties arrived at the scene at the

same time. While eyeing each other warily, neither side opened fire. It was when the wreckage shuffled a bit that attention was placed on the object. With the Elites in their ghosts flitting for side to side, and the humans in the Hogs training their machineguns on the burning scrap, nothing was going to get out of it alive. At least that was what both sides had hoped forâ€¦

O'Keff was getting worried. The scout team had reported that they found the artifact, and then no other reports were being made. She decided to send a larger force in, some more hogs, and a couple of tanks. Snipers and rocket jockeys were to hang back and provide cover fire if things got too hot. Isna was also not happy with the situation. HE decided to send in a unit of Elites, some ghosts, and also a few hunters. They both gave strict orders to NOT fire upon the other side unless told to do so by them. They both hoped that it was simple communications failure, nothing more. Fate was not on their side today, howeverâ€¦

Kikal and his bond brother Kinkik were hunters, so they saw a lot of battle. Battle was brutal, and horrible things were done to bodies in battle. But when Kikal saw the scene of carnage before him, he screamed. (Yes, I know. Hunters don't scream. If it makes you feel better, he gave a yell of terror) Many of the elites fared no better, staring at the bodies of their fallen comrades. The humans were shocked to the core. One marine said, "Aw HELL no! Not the Flood! NOT AGAIN!" "Get a grip soldier!" The Sergeant had recovered before most of either side had. "This is obviously not the work of the flood. So calm DOWN!" A corporal stuttered, "Then w- w- w- WHAT did t- t- t- this, Sarg?" The sergeant paused. "I don't know son. I don't knowâ€¦" Before all of them, lay the horribly mangled bodies of comrades. 3 elites, and 8 humans. All of them had faces of pure terror on their faces, every one of them had been literally ripped limb from limb. Some were even half eaten. One human body, was missingâ€¦

2. The Plauge Chapter 1: Awakening

****The Plague Chapter 1: Awakening****

So, on with the real storyâ€¦ Don't forget to R&R! D

It was history; the peaceful meeting of human and Covenant. The human Commodore O'Keff and the Covenant Field Master Isna'Rallnme met in a tent, set up not too far away from the crash site. "So we know this, Thing, is some sort of biological weapon?" Isna inquired. "While I wish we didn't make it, yes." O'Keff sighed. "I've contacted section 9 on this one, and they said there sending in a specialist. I just hope they know what they are doingâ€¦" O'Keff gazed off into space. Isna sighed. "So, what do we do now?" O'Keff looked up. "I don't know. The Stalgrand, that's the research station up there, won't give any specs on this thing. Come to think of it, they haven't answered any calls we put in." She paused and mulled this over. Isna and she looked into each others eyes and said in unison, unrehearsed, "Oh shit."

The grunts were nervous. You could tell because of the way the fidgeted and pulled at their harnesses. Nusa'Nissana Was in charge of this section, and he was nervous too. With him were a company of Jackals and a pair of hunters. He could see the human troopship flying beside them. On board were a company of what the humans

called, ODS. They were about the same ranking as Numa and his kin were, battle wise. He hoped they were good. When his ship landed inside the human research station where this thing came from, he was waiting for a scene of carnage. That fact that there was none puzzled him. If something got loose and killed everyone on board this place, shouldn't there be some bodies? His troops thundered down the ramp, quickly setting up a perimeter. The ODS did the same. Once that was set up, it was time to go looking for IT.

Subject 417 stirred. Something had entered its domain. It sniffed the air, tasting its prey already. More of those fleshy pink things, and something different. It shrugged. Nothing too different. It was still sustenance. Still food. It shambled off. New prey had come, and it was time for the hunt. It grinned in anticipation. Slowly, a scientist's body, shot, broken, and now host to Subject 417, stumbled to its feet. It crouched, sniffed once, then bounded and leaped down the hall toward dock bay 17: Toward food.

A sweep of the area had turned up nothing living. A visual search had turned up numerous pools of blood, discarded small arms, broken or out of ammo sentry turrets, and so many shell casings that the floor was literally carpeted in them. But no bodies. Private Winslow sighed. This was another bug hunt. Another search through the dark, broken halls of science vessels. Leading to the eventual capture or death of the thing that had killed off the science station. The scopes were picking up nothing, and his sensor mate, an Elite named Kena, was asleep. He sighed again and turned back to the monitors, glowing with useless information. "Ping!" Winslow bolted upright, as did Kena's Slerocha. Both scopes were picking something up, barreling down Access Junction 499. Winslow thought about all those horror movies for a second, but only a second. He and Kena must have had the same idea, for they both pressed big, red, buttons.

Alarms wailed, marines, grunts, jackals, elites, and hunters alike were jostled out of bed, and AI controlled defenses were put online. Subject 417 took pause at the red lights and loud noises. He had heard these once before, when he escaped. That was when. He whirled about to those box-ish things he saw in the hall, and made ready to attack the Sentry guns too late. A combination of bullets and plasma blew Subject 417 apart as Covenant and Human sentry turrets opened fire. Even when Subject 417 had survived the bullets of assault rifles, there was just too much, too fast. The body flew apart like wet cardboard, and soon melted under plasma fire. Subject 417, was terminated. Subjects 042 through 922 felt their brother's death, and moved in to avenge him. Subject 999, was already on the surface of the planet.

To Be Continued

Yeah, I know. There was no Master Chief, Cortana, or any other people from the original Halo. Don't worry. They'll be here soon enough. Whether they survive, that's up to reader input. MUA
HAHAHA!!!!

3. The Plague Chapter 2: Stalgrand Part 1

****The Plague Chapter 2: Stalgrand, part 1****

Yes, now the "Specialist" comes in. One guess who that is? I'm not

tellingâ€| MWA HAHAHA!

Things were not going well. Lt. Wallace had found 5 ghost contacts INSIDE the perimeter alone, not to mention the thousands of pings on the rest of the station. One good thing was that the sentry guns were all reporting in fine, and those "Specialists" were arriving. Perhaps this would be a good day after allâ€|

Spec. Ops. Lt. Green looked over his briefing again; to be sure he hadn't missed anything. He hoped that the people on the Stalgrand had just been toying with a new strain of Flood, not something new. He sighed, and turned to the air lock. There were docking with the Stalgrand, and he was going to meet his counterpart from the Covenant. He did a quick systems check. Motivators all in line, ammo counter read full, his personally modified MK418 pistols almost flew from his hip to his hands (courtesy of the magnets), and all targeting systems were online. He hoped it was enough.

The elite known as Denhal flipped through the report again. No, nothing had changed, and it looked like a bad mission. He was going in, almost literally blind. He hoped his Human counterpart knew what they were doing. He looked over his weapons again. His pure white armor gleamed like an angels skin, his personally modified plasma rifles were also polished to a shine and were pure white as well. His shield generator was just checked and a new power core installed. There was a ping as they docked with the human vessel; "Stalgrand", and he readied himself for the task ahead. He hoped, not for the last time, that the worst that would happen was the humans did not like himâ€|

Spec. Ops. Lt. Green From now on Green or Lt. Green saw the elite in pure white armor before him, and knew he was the specialist that the Covenant had sent. As Denhal saw the human with metal arms, legs, and gods know what else, he knew he was the human specialist. Green had replaced most of his body with electronic and mechanical parts, almost so much that he was a complete robot, but some of his face was left. His right eye was replaced by a sensor array, full of strange spikes and glowing LEDs, while his left was normal. It was his human eye that drew your attention, however, because it was a strange green, almost an acidic green. His skin was a light tan, his head shaved (possibly because it was also robotic), and his face told of countless battles. Denhal's eyes seemed to be bottomless in their depth, and his expression was one of boredom. His posture, however, was that like a coiled spring, ready for anything to happen. They looked at each other, and knew why the other was a "Specialist."

Sgt. K was with his squad on recon. One of the turret nests had decided to act up today. He sighed, figuring it was a simple case of a wire coming loose, or pulled. Maybe, if they were lucky, it was a dirty sensor. When communications failed, he didn't worry too much. It was hard to get a clear line in these cramped corridors, twisting conduits, and broken relays. It was when motion sensors picked up a ghost that he took notice. The ghost was at 12 clicks, and due north of their position. It was there for a second, as ghosts often were. He looked around, finding nothing but walls, hanging wires, andâ€| more dried blood pools. He shook himself like a dog, and kept moving with his squad. When the motion tracker beeped a contact, he began to worry. It was 10 clicks due north of their position. He told the team to run to the turret nest, and they needed no urging. Sgt. K rounded

the corner, and tripped over the pieces of sentry turrets. "Aw HELL no!" The squad was dumbfounded. Some were staring at the broken sentry turrets, other pointing their guns in random directions, and some were back against any wall or corner they could find, to cover the area they could see. "Alright! I want you 5 down in front, on your knee! You 3, Stand behind them, face that corridor! Now you ladies, NOW!" He shouted orders to them, getting them to face north, to confront the motion coming at them. "What's the MS say, Jet?" "Uh, target, is barring down, 5 clicks due north." Sgt. K sighed. Only 1, that's good. "No, wait. 4 10 MULTIPLE contacts barring 12 o'clock at 4 clicks! There coming to the east!" "Face that door marines!" The line shifted to the east door, it was a bulkhead. Some marines started to turn back to the hallway, but Sgt. K stopped them. "I said, FACE THAT DOOR!" he barked. They turned back. "Back up, slowly, towards the HQ." They started to back away from the door. "Jet?" "Uh, right. 2 clicks sir." "2? Damn!" They kept backing away. "1 click sir!" "Get ready marines!" "Sir! 50 meters!" Sgt. K swore that the comm. Equipment was on the fritz. Then he paused. Comm. equipment on the fritz, aliens loose, sensor ghosts, and now broken sentry turrets? Too many coincidences to be that. The things must have used jamming equipment or something! But HOW! "SIR! 20 meters! 10! 5 meters!" "WHAT! That's in the room!" "That's what it says sir!" Sgt. Ks boot brushed a spent shell casing down past the grating of the floor. The floor

"Squad theta, come in!" Private Winslow was on comm. duty, and Theta squad was off checking a turret nest; just when their comm. stuff went on the fritz. Now, something was wrong. The sensors were picking up tones of ghosts, and even some minor contacts. He tried again, and was rewarded with a contact made light. But what was on the other end of the comm. seemed to be static. When he heard something through the static, all he herd was this "THE FLOOR!" "AAIEEE!" "GRRROUMPH!" "GHAAAAA" The status lights on Theta squad appeared, adrenalin and heart rates spiking. Some were already flat-lining. "GET THEM!" "THEIR EVERYWHERE!" "GOD DAMNIT! FIRE, OPEN FIRE!" "LETS ROCK!" The staccato sounds of battle rifles and SMGs firing only added to the static. "YOU WANT SOME!? TAKE THIS!! YEAAAAA!" Flat-line, flat-line, flat-line, flat-line. In moments, the last screams of Theta squad echoed over the static. Theta squad was dead. "NO!" Private Winslow yelled. Green heard this and poked his head in. "Report private." "Sir! They got Theta squad" Green blinked. "They?" "THOSE BASTARDS! THOSE FREAKS THAT WERE HE" He broke off as a pulse began in Pvt. Andre appeared. "What the fuck!?" Winslow stared. "Their alive?" Greens eye narrowed. "No. They're becoming Them." "WHAT!?!?" Winslow stared at him like he was crazy: In Winslow's eyes, he was. "That's how They reproduce. 'They' are like a plague. Every time a dead body is found, They spawn one of themselves to inhabit it. They can use any body. Even if a body is cut in half, They can use it." Green could almost see it happening. "It's vicious, brutal, devastating, and handy for them. Unfortunately, it's bad for us." He glanced at the screen. "Very bad for us"

Subject 221 released a cloud of spawnlings. Most would die, but those who found bodies would become full Plague. They would fight for control, and only the strongest would survive. It was a race to win, to evolve, and to become part of the Plague. 221 smiled. They would evolve, and become stronger. Even those machines the pinky-things used could e turned against them. One machine seemed to cut them off from the mother hive. Good, panic and fear. 221 could taste new, warm, flesh already. More food to be devoured, more food to feast

upon, and to avenge their brothers. It would be a good dayâ€|

To Be Continuedâ€|

Yeah, that's right. No MC, Cortana, or anyone else. If you don't like that, please don't e-mail me your flames. I WILL ignore them. If you have constructive criticism, please send it to me. I will use it in my stories, and hope you see an improvement. If you have ideas for the story, e-mail them to me as well. I'mâ€| kind of running out. I know how to finish off the Stalgrand, but like I said in Chapter 1, "Subject 999 was already on the surface." R&R please! D

4. The Plague Chapter 3: Stalgrand Part 2

****Stalgrand Part 2****

Ok, so now you know I'm not putting in any original Halo characters. If you don't like this or find it offensive, don't e-mail me bitching about it. MY story, MY rules. Now that that's over with, I can get on with the prologue thingy. This is the second part of Stalgrand, and more are probably to come. I say this because I only write when the mood strikes me, or I have spare time. So, Stalgrand may be over in this chapter, or it might go on for a while. Oh right, disclaimer. The only things I own are my two characters and the bad guys, although I WISH I owned Bungie, Halo, Halo 2, ect. Frankly, who doesn't? ON WITH THE FIC!

Stalgrand quickly turned into Hell. No, it WAS Hell. What happened here was worse than any horror committed during the Human/Covenant war. It was quiet, and then hostiles came out of nowhereâ€| Everywhereâ€| OUT OF THE GOD DAMNED WALLS!!!! The sentry turrets were going crazy, firing in all directions at onceâ€| and not hitting anything! Half the sensor contacts were fake, and the other half were either ghosts or huge groups! The perimeter dissolved, and everyone on the Stalgrand was fighting for his or her life. All but two, who were, ironically, the ones looking for the damn things! Green and Denhal, the specialist sent to rectify this situation, were left out of the party.

The two kept silent the whole time they were looking. Any clue as to what happened to the Stalgrand would help. Starting with the command center, they worked their way down the labs, finding nothing but dried blood pools, spent shells, broken cryogenics pods, destroyed science labs, stasis tanks, and sadly, wrecked terminals. They worked their way down through the labs, peering in each one, looking briefly, then moving on. It was Lab 442 that held an answer. A working, if jarred terminal sat in one corner. A personnel log was still printed on the green phosphorus screen, glowing and waiting for the rest of the entry that would never come. A vocal switch was on it. Green and Denhal stepped inside the gore-splattered room, bumping shell casings and miscellaneous trash (glass, metal, scraps of environ-suites). Denhal made his way over and read the terminal out loud, breaking the sound of their breathing and the steady throbbing of the fusion engines like thunder across the silence of space. "Here, the last entry. 'All seems well, but I am puzzled, however. The specimens seem quiet, and react to nothing. It seems to be a conference or somethingâ€|'

'Well, whatever it is, it won't last long. A new shipment of food

arrived for them, and we've been able to clone more successfully. At last, we can grow more to produce an army of the things. Send them down in drop pods and let them kill everything down there. Simple. It's just a matter of time before they die out from lack of food, only a matter of months.'

'The matter should beâ€¦' That's where it ends Green." Green was silent as he mulled over this. "Try the audio." Denhal pressed the buttonâ€¦ static, thenâ€¦ "The matter should beâ€¦ 'CRASH!' WHAT THE HELL!? THE SPECIMENS ARE ESCAPING!!! HIT THE ALARM! CODE RED!" An alarm wailed, and the sounds of braking glass filled the speakers. Auto turrets began to fire, but one could plainly hear the screams of men, not beasts. The plague had freed itself, and slaughtered the crew. More screams, the auto cannons ceased to fire, and static washed over all. Denhal and Green were silent. "Base? This is Green. Were coming back in." "Tssssssssssssssâ€¦" "Base, this is Green. Come in." "Tssssssssâ€¦" Nothing but static, like the audio recording. Green was silent for a moment, as was Denhal. "DAMNIT!" Green spit out and bared his teeth. "Come on Denhal, we've got to goâ€¦ back." He stoppedâ€¦ The sounds of combat could be heard even from down there. Suddenly, it all stopped. "â€¦ And He will guide those worthy to Paradise. Let them be praised." Denhal recited an epitaph for the fallen soldiers. Green just stopped still. Denhal looked at him. "Come on, we've got to get out of here. Let's go soldier." "No, it's not that. Listenâ€¦" Denhal listened. Nothing but the throb of the engines andâ€¦ "Tink, tink tink tink, tinktinktinktinkâ€¦" Something was running towards themâ€¦ Denhal readied himself with his guns, as Green jacked rounds into both his pistols. They were ready for anythingâ€¦ Well, almost anything. The thing that stumbled down the hall was not something they expectedâ€¦

"A stalker!?" Green gasped. "A what?" Denhal looked at the naked (no genitals) being stumbling towards them. It wore only a belt, and it looked like the legs had been chopped off at the shins, ending in round stumps. There were metal rods attached to the sides however, and it walked, a little clumsily on them. The arms were the same way, with the rods ending in universal attachments. The face was covered by a metal plate, with a slit for a mouth, and flaps that covered the eyes, if they were closed. It was hunched over, with its' skin hanging off its' bones. It stumbled down the hall past them, oblivious to their presence. "A stalker, they were humans once. They were made a few years' back, old prisoners. Rebels mostly. They were turned into these things to man repair stations for ONI. They were only ever used at Citadel, however. They stopped transforming prisoners into stalkers after a while because they weren't very good at what they did." Denhal was shocked that the pitiful thing in front of them was once human. "So what happened to them?" Green sighed. "Most were killed, but some were shipped off to these old stations. I'm surprised any are still alive." The stalker passed on, off on its' unknown errand, leaving Green and Denhal alone once more.

Yeah, I know I stole something from Half Life 2. I just wanted to add it, having recently finished the game. SO COOL!

"Green, we've been looking all day. Let's find somewhere to hole up and sleep." Green had to agree. Even though he was a cyborg, he still had to sleep. They found an armory station, with the door still intact. "This was an armory. The door here was made to stand C18 a really high explosive charges, and recently improved to withstand plasma fire. It will hold." Green and Denhal camped there for now.

Denhal had to clean his armor, so he took it off. All of it. Green found a small bathroom with a shower in it. He decided to take advantage of the hot water still in its' tanks before it got cold. With both of them nude, one could cast an appraising eye over the other.

Greens' cybernetic arms extended to his chest, where it splintered off into metal lines, bridging across his pectoral mussels. His legs went up to his hips, but the genitals and buttocks were there, untouched by the cybernetics. His back, however, was all cybernetic, as was his neck. The fleshy parts were well muscled and tanned.

Denhal was a hunk, to be blunt. His skin was a deep tan, and he was very well muscled. Being an Elite, he was tall and lean, and it was plain to see that he was confident in or out of his armor.

Maybe later, if I work up the nerve, Green and Denhal have a "moment" here, but for now, it's just appraising.

Green towed off, got dressed, and promptly fell asleep. Denhal finished cleaning his armor and finished off the hot water. He then got dressed, and soon fell asleep not too far away from his partner.

That's all for now. Can't think of any more, and I need some time to gather more ideas. If you have constructive criticism, please send it to me! I NEED IT! Now, if you object to me bringing in other game objects, or you don't like my story, and all you have for me are flames, like I said before, don't send me them. But please, oh please, ohplease, ohplease OHPLEASE!!!! Send my ideas! Thank you, and I look forward to hearing from you. D

5. The Plague Chapter 4: When the World End...

****The Plague: When The World Endsâ€|****

Heyoo! So, now that everything is set up all nice, we can start the end of this fic. Hope you all like it so far, and tell your friends about this please! I want reviews! GIVE ME YOUR REVIEWS PEACEFULLY, OR I WILL TAKE THEM BY FORCE! 'A-hem' Sorry. Got a little carried away thereâ€| READ AND REVIEW

Denhal had an idea about what to do. Green, however, was not so enthusiastic about itâ€|

"You want us to blow up the Stalgrand?" Green looked at his partner with a look of almost horror.

"It's the only way to make sure these things are all dead. Besides, no one else is going to mindâ€|" Denhal stated grimly.

"Yeah, butâ€|oh never mind." He sighed. "Well, lets get going."

The walk to the main reactor core was uneventful, as the beasts were probably gorging themselves on the bodies of Green's and Denhal's comrades. It was a long walk, however, having to take side passages to avoid obvious places invested with these things. You could tell because of the litter of bones and decomposing meat chunks that

signified their nests. It was getting eerie without them. They were expecting hordes of the things. With them being absent only heightened their sense of paranoia. So when a door slid open, only years of combat experience stopped them from wasting the elderly man in a white lab coat. Well, it wasn't very white anymore. It was covered in splatters of blood, with what appeared to be no small amount of brain matter as well. It hadn't been washed in a while, and stains from food and dust mixed with the blood.

If you've played Half Life 2, think Dr. Kleiner

"Oh myâ€¦" The scientist lowered the shotgun he was hefting. "Your not one of themâ€¦ Oh, you must be here to rescue us!" He smiled. "I knew you would come!"

"'Us?' There're more survivors?" Denhal looked a little skeptic.

"Well, only me nowâ€¦" The scientist look unhappy. "But surly you came for the survivors who were here?"

"â€¦Yeah, lets go with thatâ€¦" Green looked away. "So, Dr. umâ€¦"

"Oh! I'm Dr. Mortagin. Most people either call me Doc or Morty. Either one will do." He smiled again. "So, where are you off to anyway?"

"Were going to detonate the reactor core." The doc's eyes widened.

"Your going in THERE?" The doc looked rather panicked.

"Why? What's in there?" Denhal looked puzzled.

"That's where they gather! Ever since the incident, the reactor has been leaking. You'll need a HAZMAT suit to even go near that place! But if anything, the creatures are attracted to the open radiation!" Morty seemed out of breath now. He continued of his description of why it was a BAD idea to go there. Most of it was technical jargon about the leaky reactor and the creatures. Green finally interrupted him.

"We have to. You can come with us if you want. Besides, you could help us remove the safety locks. No matter what you say, we have to go. We're ending this menace now."

The doctor looked even more surprised. "Well, I can't just have you walk into a deadly rad zone. I can show you were the HAZMAT suits are, and if you can get me to the control booth, I'll remove the safety locks for you."

Denhal nodded. "Thank you Dr. Mortagin."

"Please, just doc or Morty." The scientist waved off the name. "It hasn't bothered me for ever, and Mortagin is just too long a name to say."

They walked off, in search of the HAZMAT suits.

Cliffhanger, right? This is where I just leave now, right? WRONG! I got a better one coming upâ€|MWA HAHAAHAHA

For Morty and Green, HAZMATs were easy to find. It was trying to find one for Denhal that was an adventure in itself. Almost all of them were too small, and none of the helmets fit his elongated head. The HAZMAT suits of the future are meant to be used for extended periods, so they have plumbing equipment on them. None of them wanted to bother with the stuff, but the HAZMATs didn't fit right without them being used. When a suit was finally found that would fit Denhal, they had to worry about the Plumbing. Yet another adventure for another time. Green found out some interesting things about Denhal he would not otherwise know right now, and Denhal learned just how uncomfortable one could be made to feel. In this situation, all three of them took a solemn oath, NEVER to speak of this again. Thankfully, getting out wouldn't be a problem. All the while, the reactor core kept up its vile throbbing of the magnetic field generators, and the thick churning of the coolant. Like a beating heart, it throbbed as the interlopers stepped out of the containment lock. If the landing bay was Hell, this was Lucifer's very soul.

The end? NOPE! Yet a BETTER cliffhanger

Dead bodies were flung everywhere like a tornado had hit a mountain of corpses. Then the tsunami hit, followed shortly by the Hand Grenades of DOOM. The result was not very pretty. Blood had been flung everywhere. The blood, however, being mostly dead cells and heated by the reactor, had never really coagulated. It looked like the place was bleeding the stuff out from the very walls. The reactor shield had a huge rent in it, revealing the core. It consisted of a dense, glowing red Magnetic Particle Accelerator. With the magnetic rotors stirring the great beast, the room was bathed in red, then not for a split second. Like I said, Lucifer's very soul.

"Oh myâ€|" Morty looked on the scene with horror. "I've seen cadavers before, even some from the Floodâ€| But nothing like thisâ€|"

The bodies themselves looked half decayed, some missing limbs, some miscellaneous body parts like eye balls, some entire halves of torsos or even missing from the waist down. Denhal was not happy about all this.

"Man. Too many hostiles if these guys are alive." Denhal kicked away a torso.

"Yeahâ€| lets get Doc up to the control both. Then we can bring the safety locks down. That'll give us about 3 minutes before the emergency safeties engage." Green looked about and spotted the elevator to go up. "Here we go doc."

He led Morty to the elevator, with Denhal bringing up the rear. Morty clambered on, pushing a few corpses off the elevator. He pushed a button and went up. An intercom crackled to life.

"Testing. Testing. Can you here me?"

"Just fine Doc!" Green yelled back, and gave the thumbs up.

"Good. To disengage the safeties, I'll need you and Denhal to pull the safety levers on either side of the MPA."

After some pressing of buttons and flipping of switches, the safety locks disengaged.

"Warning! Warning! Safety locks have been disengaged! Attention all reactor personnel! Safety locks have been disengaged! Emergency safety locks will be online in T-minus 3 minutes! Warning!"

Denhal saw a body twitch. Without hesitation, he fired at the body until it had melted, leaving nothing but charred bones and floor. "Heads up guys! We better move fast! These things are starting to wake up!" He put down another zombie trying to get up and let his guns cool.

"Roger that." Green blew one's head off as it moved its only arm to get up. "Hey doc! Let's get a move on!"

"R-r-r-right!" The doc fumbled as he flipped some more switches, deactivating the emergency safety locks.

"Warning! Emergency safety locks have been deactivated! Core meltdown in 3 minutes! All personnel must evacuate immediately!"

The system computer spewed more warnings about the meltdown, but nobody paid any attention. They were too busy at the time.

Like a possessed carpet, the zombies fumbled to stand. Denhal soon found himself surrounded. Green was no better. The doc, being not too absent-minded at the time had brought his shotgun with him. A good thing, considering that there were a couple zombies in the control both as well. The doc, having had to use the gun during his isolation, was actually fairly good with it. Meaning, he didn't fall over from the recoil of the gun. Blowing one zombie's head off, he turned to the other and punched a hole through its chest that a fairly slim person could crawl through it (why you would want to though, I don't know). He fired all his shells into the corpses, just to be sure. While reloading, he looked about for something to do up here. Green and Denhal had found each other, and were back-to-back doing the windmill-'o-death thing. They wouldn't last long if this kept up though.

The doc, however, found the button he was looking for.

"Attention all personnel! Security bots have been activated in reactor sector! Auto turrets have been activated in reactor sector!"

Eight turrets popped out from wall mounting, turned on the zombies, and fired. Sadly, due to the prior infestation, half were malfunctioning (they couldn't move, much less fire), and half of the ones left had no ammo. That left two turrets. Fortunately, two turrets were enough to get a path for Green and Denhal to the airlock. The doc had descended and had run over to it already. They ran, taking slashes from passing zombies as they went. Their suits were ripped, and they would both need large doses of Rad-X soon. Once in the airlock, Denhal severely scratched, and Green clutching his stomach, Morty slammed the doors shut. The pounding on the other doors, however, indicated the zombies from the landing bay had come to join the party.

"In here!" Morty pulled open a hatch labeled, "Escape Pods." Denhal dived in first, followed by Morty, with Green going last, just as the zombies in the reactor ripped down the doors.

"WARNING! REACTOR MELTDOWN EMINENT! ALL PERSONNEL MUST EVACUATE NOW! THIS IS A CODE RED ALERT! ALL PERSONNEL MUST ABANDON THIS FACILITY AT ONCE!"

The trio ran into an escape pod, with the howling zombies right behind. The doors snapped shut, and the escape pod was blown out of the station. Morty and Green looked back, as Denhal was flying the thing. The station was red in places already, and secondary explosions were starting to rip the station apart. The fleet took this as a sign, and MAC rounds along with plasma tore into the Stalgrand. The reactor finally blew its top, and larger and larger explosions ripped the Stalgrand apart. The two fleets turned, not wanting to get caught in the blast. When a Magnetic Partial Accelerator blows up, the explosion is like a nova, and on one like to be caught in something like that.

A blinding white flash erupted, and a huge white fireball enveloped the whole station. Aftershocks rolled the escape pod, threatening to send it spiraling into oblivion. Denhal, however, was too good a pilot to let that happen. When everything subsided, space was normal again, and no trace of the Stalgrand was left.

"Did we get it?" Green was staring blankly.

"Yes, comrade. It's over now." Denhal walked over. "Look for yourself."

Green sighed. "Good. I canâ€¦ relaxâ€¦"

Denhal looked on with wide eyes as Green flopped to the ground, spilling out the entrails he had been trying to hold inside him.

TO BE CONTINUEDâ€¦

I TOLD you I would find a good cliffhanger! So, now we have concluded Stalgrand. Green is almost dead, and Subject 999 is still on the surface of the planet. More to come. Soooooâ€¦ if you like this story so far, SEND ME A REVIEW! If you think this sucks ass, SEND ME A REVIEW! If you think this story is the work of the devil and I should be burned at the stake along with my heathen story, LEAVE ME ALONE! I don't need religious nuts spamming my e-mail that's already getting tones of Spam. You know what, send a review anyway. I NEED MORE PEOPLE TO READ MY STORY! SEND ME A REVIEW! SEND ME A NUMBER ON A 1-10 SCALE OF HOW GOOD MY STORY IS! SEND ME NUDE PICS IF YOU WANT TO (I'll probably throw them out anyway, unless you're a dragon. Those I might keep.), JUST SEND ME SOMETHING! Please. Till next time, my minions, my friendsâ€¦

This is Spazz Catâ€¦

Signing off.

End
file.